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Hugh Cecil Earl of Lonsdale.

137 The Wonders of the Horse, recorded in anecdotes and interspersed with poetry. Selected by **Joseph Taylor,** Compiler of the General Character of the Dog, etc., etc. London. 1808.

Small 8vo. 144 pp. Six engravings. M., $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $3\frac{1}{2}$ in.

— upon which the horse immediately threw him.

face page 10.

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THE

WONDERS

OF

THE HORSE,

RECORDED IN

ANECDOTES,

AND

INTERSPERSED WITH POETRY.

SELECTED BY JOSEPH TAYLOR,
Compiler of the
GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE DOG,
&c. &c.

For beauty, courage, and heroic deeds,
The Horse all other animals exceeds.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY W. & T. DARTON,
No. 40, HOLBORN-HILL.

1808.

SHORT DESCRIPTION

OF THE

HORSE.

"THE most noble conquest ever obtained by man, was over this proud and spirited animal, which shares with him the fatigues of war and the glories of battle. The horse, not less intrepid than his master, sees danger, and defies it; he inures himself to the din of arms; he delights in it, seeks it, and is animated with an ardour equal to that of man. He also shares with his master in the pleasures of the chace, the course, and tournaments: but his docility being equal to his courage, he

is not carried away by impetuosity; but checks its impulses, and not only submits to the hand of the rider, but seems even willing to consult his desires. Ever obedient to the impressions he receives he darts forward, slackens his pace, or stops as they happen to indicate: he renounces his very being, and exists merely by the will of another, which he frequently anticipates, and by the celerity and precision of his motions, at once expresses and executes. He feels as much as is desired, and performs no more than the rider pleases; he gives himself up without reserve, and declines no service; exerts all his strength, and, that his obedience may be complete, will strain every nerve, till he even expires under his generous efforts.

"Such is the horse, whose talents are

improved, and his natural qualities perfected by art; from his birth he is carefully attended, exercised, and fitted for the service of man; his education commences with the loss of his liberty, and is completed by restraint. The servitude of these animals is so universal and perpetual, that we seldom see them in their natural state. When employed they are loaded, with harness: in the seasons of rest they are not entirely free from shackles: and even in the fields and pastures they carry the badges of slavery, and frequently bear the cruel marks of labour and pain. Their mouths disfigured with furrows, occasioned by the bit; their sides deformed with ulcers or cicatrices, from the spur; their hoofs perforated with nails, and their attitudes, by the continued pressure of the

harness, cramped and constrained; even those whose servitude is of the easiest kind, being kept chiefly for shew and magnificence, and whose gilded chains are not so much intended for an ornament to them, as to display the opulence of their master, are still more disgraced by the elegance of their foretop, the plaiting of their manes, the gold and silken caparisons with which they are adorned, than by the iron fastened to their feet.

"This beautiful and noble creature is never seen to leave our dwellings for the forests and desarts; but on the contrary, express the greatest desire of returning to their stables, though all they meet with there is a gross food, always the same, and generally measured out rather by parsimony than their craving appetites; but the kind

treatment they generally meet with compensates for their other losses. When spent with fatigue, the place of rest is a place of delight; they smell it from afar; they find it out in the midst of the most crouded cities, and seem in every thing to prefer servitude to freedom. The habits they have contracted become a kind of second nature; horses left in the woods having been known to keep a continual neighing, in order to be heard, and at the voice of man have ran to him with transport; and amidst a rich variety of agreeable nourishment, while deprived of human society, they have been known to lose their flesh, and to become strangely emaciated in a very short time."—BUFFON.

ANECDOTES

OF

HORSES.

Panegyric on a Horse.

" I WILL not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

" He's of the colour of nutmeg; and of the heat of ginger. It is a beast for

Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him; he is indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.

"It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark, to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey; it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all; 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on, and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a

sonnet in his praise, and bugun thus, *Wonder of nature—*"—SHAKSPEARE.

Discernment of the Emperor Caligula's Horse.

THE emperor Caligula being one day on the back of this favourite animal, (by the by, no man in the empire rode so ill) with his whole court about him, these obsequious gentlemen perceiving how aukwardly he managed the reins, took occasion from thence to flatter him upon his being a most excellent horseman; upon which the horse immediately threw him, only to let him see what a parcel of rascals he had about him. The emperor perceiving that the horse was the only person about the court that had either truth or

honesty in him, took a resolution from that moment to raise him to those high honours, to which he afterwards arrived.—ANNUAL REGISTER.

The Emperor Caligula's Horse.

CALIGULA, the Roman emperor, had a horse called Swift, whom he invited to supper with himself: he caused his provender to be set before him in gold: he gave him wine to drink in goblets of gold: he swore by his health and fortune: he promised to make him consul, and had done so if his horse had lived: he did make him priest, yea, a colleague with himself in the supreme pontificate: his stable was of marble, his manger of ivory, his caparisons and harness purple, and a pendant jewel of

precious stones at his posetrel; and he allowed him a house, family, servants, and household stuff.

Dio Cass. l. 39. p. 397.

The Horse to his Rider: an Elegy, by Mr. Meyler of Bath.

These beautiful verses, which do equal honour to the head and heart of the author, were occasioned by the following circumstance: A few years ago, a rich farmer in the neighbourhood of Bath, was the unworthy possessor of a most valuable horse. The farmer made a considerable wager that the noble animal would go from Temple Gate at Bristol to Hyde Park Corner, in the course of a few hours; and he performed the task as far as Reading,

with high promise of his winning; but shortly after, the poor creature began to fail in strength and motion, whip and spur were cruelly applied, and the poor animal died under their goad and lashing!

Cease master, cease, a little mercy lend,
Nor thus my reeking sides incessant flay!
Let thy sharp scourge my lab'ring bones befriend,
Nor thus my efforts cruelly repay.

Since morning's dawn near fourscore miles I've sped,
And day's meridian scarcely now is o'er,
Oh! let me seek near yonder alehouse shed,
That lowly stable's hospitable door!

And must I pass it? Oh! my trembling limbs!
Ye soon beneath your cruel load must sink;
My brain e'en now in faint delirium swims,
For life fast verges to destruction's brink.

Bred in thy fields, I knew thy presence well,
And ever ran thy smoothing hand to greet;
Then frisk'd along the daisy-sprinkled dell,
To shew thee early that my pow'rs were fleet.

To please thy fancy I with patience bent
My velvet ear to meet the iron's heat,
And all the torturing whims which men invent,
To tame and shape us to their ends complete.

Fed in thy pasture, I with grateful speed
Have been the foremost with the tuneful pack,
Nor hill, nor hedge, nor wall could e'er impede,
But safe I bore thee on my faithful back.

When late at marts and taverns thou hast staid,
Thy sense unequal to direct the road,
O'er the dark heath—through rutted lanes I've neigh'd,
And brought in safety home my drowsy load.

Oft my dear mistress have I drawn with care,
With her sweet brood to join the village school,
And thought myself full proud when she would spare
One look, one pat, and call me her—"poor fool!"

With such a charge for worlds I had not fell,
Nor giv'n alarm to those so dear to thee—
Then let compassion in thy bosom dwell,
Nor furious thus increase my misery!

Oh! if intemperance in her wildest hours,
Has urged thee to propose the cruel bet,
My once kind master! strain no more my powr's,
They fall beneath the arduous task that's set.

If true the doctrine which some sages hold,
Of transmigration's just and vengeful fate,
Oh! think what horror will thy page unfold,
How wilt thou suffer in thine alter'd state!

This day's base action then shall rise in awe,
And doom thee to some pannier'd ass's lot,
Thy sides half famish'd, and thy back half raw,
Standing neglected near thy master's cot.

Or, some grim tyrant, bent on pelf and blood,
May bring on thee a premature old age;
An outcast cripple, sell thee from his stud,
To meet the collier's or the sandman's rage.

Ah! dost thou pause—thy heel forget its stroke—
Too late those must confess the deed accurst;
Too late has mercy in thy heart awoke,
My eyes grow dim, my mighty heart is burst!

Farewel!—affected by my mournful tale,
Some breasts may feel the keenness of remorse;
And should my fate but turn compassion's scale,
A future race may bless the Dying Horse.

Remarkable Friendship of a Horse to a Dog.

A FEW years since, the servant of Mr. Thomas Walker of Manchester, going one day to water the carriage horses at a large stone trough which was then at one end of the Exchange, a dog which was accustomed to lay in a stall with one of them, followed the horses as he usually did, and was attacked with such ferocity by a large mastiff, that he was in danger of being much worried, when one of the horses (*his friend and favorite*) which was led by the servant with the halter, suddenly broke

loose from him, and went to the place where the dogs were fighting, and with a violent kick of one of his heels, struck the mastiff from the other dog clean into a Cooper's cellar opposite, and, having thus rescued his companion, returned quietly with him to drink at the conduit.—*Vide General Character of the Dog*, p. 91.

The Horse with remarkably long Mane and Tail.

AMONG the curiosities lately exhibited at Mr. Parkinson's Museum, Surrey side of Blackfriar's Bridge, was the painting of a most remarkable horse, with a manuscript account of him extracted from a book written by George Simon Winter, and printed at

Nuremburgh 1687, of which the following is a transcript.

" This horse was a fine snow-white stallion out of the stud of the old Count of Oldenburgh. The Count gave him to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. He was kept in the stables of the Landgrave twenty years, where he died. He was a horse of a fine form and movement; his mane was in several parts three, four, and four and a half ells long, but the hair of his tail was seven, eight, and even nine ells long. I have several such hairs now in my possession, which by the order of the master of the horse, were brought me by the groom, George Benden, who had for a long time the care of the horse. The abovementioned upper master of the horse, when he was a page at court, often rode him in the

riding school, as he told me himself. The mane and tail were kept very clean in the stable, and enclosed in a leathern bag, and he was thus brought into the riding school. But when the Landgrave rode him, the mane and tail were in a red velvet bag; but if the bags were not used, then the servant carried the mane in his hand, and two other servants supported the tail.

J. J. B."

Reflections of a humane Master on seeing his old Horse.

This beast of toil and sweat hath administered to my pleasure or to my profit for many years past; and now that he is no longer able to perform

my work, shall I dismiss him as a creature not worthy of my future protection? Shall I subject him to the caprice, or abuse, or unexperienced servitude of a new, and it may be, of a cruel and mercenary master? If he is not fit for *my* work, he is not fit for *any* work. And shall I curse the age of my beast because he hath worn himself out in my service? Or the gain which I have acquired by his labour, shall I corrode it by *the price of his blood?* No. If I chop not his hay; if I grind not his corn; if I assist not the decay and unevenness of his teeth, by conducting him to the longest, mildest, and tenderest grass in my pasture, I will yet testify my approbation of his former service, by putting an instant period to all his pain; for it is not cruelty, but mercy, to shoot my horse or my

dog, when his teeth are gone, and the happiness of his life is at an end. *Sporting Magazine.*

Extraordinary Courage and Sagacity of a Mule.

A FLORENTINE nobleman had a mule so exceedingly vicious, as to be altogether ungovernable, from its kicking and biting every person that approached it. He ordered it to be turned into the court of his menagerie, and a lion to be let loose upon it. The lion roared aloud when he first observed the animal; but the mule, without seeming at all alarmed, ran into a corner of the court, and so placed herself, that she could only be attacked in the

rear. In this situation she waited the onset, at the same time watching with the greatest attention all the motions of her adversary. The lion, aware of the difficulty, used all his art, but to no purpose, to throw her off her guard. At last the mule, seizing a favourable opportunity, gave him such a salute in the face with her hind feet, as to beat out eight or ten of his teeth; and to compel the animal to retire to his lodge, without making any farther attempts to seize upon her, and thus leaving her in quiet possession of the field.—*Voyage dans L'Afrique Occidentale, par Labat.* Vol. ii. p. 16.

The Address of a superannuated Horse to his Master, who, on account of his (the horse) being unable from extreme old age, to live through the winter, had sentenced him to be shot.

And hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet Master say?
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And house within this hospitable shed;
It glads me more to see my Master's face,
And linger near the spot where I was bred.

For oh! to think of what we both enjoy'd,
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor!
When from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,
My gracious master on this back I bore!

Thrice told ten years, have danced on down along,
Since first these way-worn limbs to him I gave;
Sweet smiling years; when both of us were young,
The kindest master, and the happiest slave.

Ah, years sweet smiling, now for ever flown,
Ten years thrice told, alas, are as a day!
Yet, as together we are aged grown,
Let us together wear our age away.

For still the times, long past, are dear to thought;
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew;
To youth and joy all change of seasons brought,
Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new.

E'en when thy love-sick heart felt fond alarms,
Alternate throbbing with its hopes and fears;
Did I not bear thee to the fair one's arms,
Assure thy faith, and dry up all thy tears?

And hast thou fix'd my death, sweet Master, say?
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

Ah! couldst thou bear to see thy servant bleed?
Ev'n tho' thy pity has decreed his fate,
And yet, in vain thy heart for life shall plead,
If nature has deny'd a longer date.

Alas! I feel 'tis nature dooms my death,
I feel, too sure, tis pity deals the blow:
But ere it falls, oh nature take my breath,
And my kind master shall no bloodshed know.

And hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet Master say?

Pubd by Longman & Co. Paternoster Row, June 2 1808.

Ere the last hour of my allotted life,
A softer fate shall end me old and poor;
Timely shall save me from th' uplifted knife,
And gently stretch me at my master's door.

Extraordinary Swiftness of Horses.

THE Marquis of Rockingham possessed a horse, called Bay Malton, that ran four miles on the York course, in seven minutes and forty-four seconds. The celebrated Childers is supposed to have been the fleetest horse ever known in the world. He was opposed by all the most distinguished horses of his day, and what is perhaps unprecedented in such a variety of contests, in every instance bore off the prize. He is stated to have ran nearly a mile in a minute, and his general progress on a four-mile course was at the rate of 82 feet and a half in a second. Eclipse was almost

equally swift with Childers, and was considerably stronger. His form was by no means considered handsome, as indeed his dimensions deviated very considerably from those which were supposed to constitute the standard of perfect beauty in the horse; but on the most minute examination, his structure was found to be contrived with the most exquisite mechanism for speed.

The Accuracy with which the Mule traverses the Alps.

Among the Alps, the path often occupies only the space of a few feet in width, having on one side an eminence of perpendicular ascent, and on the other a vast abyss, and, as it generally follows the direction of the mountains,

presents frequently declivities of several hundred yards. On arriving at one of these, the mule halts for a moment, and no effort of the rider can for the time urge it forward. It appears alarmed at the contemplation of the danger. In a few moments, however, it places its fore feet as it might be supposed to do in the act of stopping itself, and almost immediately closes its hinder feet, somewhat advancing them, so as to give the idea of its intention to lie down. In this attitude it glides down the descent with astonishing rapidity; yet amidst all its speed, retains that self government which enables it to follow, with the most perfect precision, all the windings of the road, and to avoid every impediment to its progress and security.

The frozen Farmer and his Horse.

It were to be wished, that the writer of the following event could, with a strict accordance to truth, relate the catastrophe in a more pleasing manner, or at least without the appearance of inhumanity.

In the month of January, 1798, a farmer in the West of England, who was in the habit of taking his cattle to market once a week, having stopped to refresh himself, as usual, at an inn on the road, after market hours, happened to be so much taken up with the hilarity of his companions, that, notwithstanding his friends reminded him of the lateness of the evening, his distance from home, and the badness of the weather (for it was then

dark, and a heavy fall of snow on the ground at the time), he still continued his stay at the inn, with this exclamation, "Let me alone; I know what I am about: were it an hundred miles, instead of ten, my horse would carry me home in safety. Let it freeze or snow, I will stay as long as I like." He prolonged his stay till nine o'clock in the evening, and then mounted his horse; and though the snow had fallen to a depth nearly reaching the belly of the animal, yet this faithful and sagacious creature conveyed his master in safety to the door of his stable. The servants, who were alarmed at the farmer's staying beyond his usual time of returning, had been for some hours in great anxiety, and waited for his arrival; but what was their surprise on beholding their master completely

frozen on the back of the horse! He was to all appearance lifeless, and sitting in an erect attitude. Every exertion and probable means to restore suspended animation were tried in vain. At length the village apothecary declared there was but one chance of saving him, which was his being instantly inclosed in the warm skin of an animal just flayed. Unhappily for the poor horse there was no other beast at hand; and, with pain do I say, he was immediately slaughtered; and thus the life of the farmer was saved by the cruel death of his dumb, but affectionate friend and protector.

The courageous Horse.

About seven o'clock one evening in November 1768, as Mr. Reynolds,

one of his Majesty's coroners for the county of Devon, was returning from Plymouth Dock, in the road leading from Stonehouse Mills to Hoplace Hospital, he was stopped by two soldiers of the 22d regiment, who demanded his money, and threatened to murder him if he refused; and as he was putting his hand in his pocket to take out his money to deliver it to them, a third soldier, who had secreted himself, came behind Mr. Reynolds, and, with a large bludgeon, gave him a violent blow on the back and right shoulder; and endeavouring to strike a second time, the villain missed his aim, and the bludgeon fell on the back part of Mr. Reynolds's horse; on which the horse jumped forward, and bit one of the soldiers before him on the shoulder; then another soldier

making a pass (with a drawn sword) on Mr. Reynolds, his horse feeling something behind him, kicked so sudden and violent against the soldier, that he fell down on his back; and before the third soldier, who was behind, could come up to repeat his blow, the horse sprung forward, and never stopped galloping, till he brought Mr. Reynolds safe home to his house at Plymouth.

The stolen Horse recollects his old Master's House.

In May last, Mr. Goring, of Staines, lost a valuable horse, for which he made the most diligent inquiry, but without effect. Last week, however, a gentleman driving through Staines in

a gig, the horse made a sudden stop at Mr. Goring's house, from which nothing could induce him to move. The circumstance attracting a number of persons, and among the rest Mr. Goring, who recognised his horse; and, on reference to the person of whom the gentleman had purchased it, the animal was at length traced to the fellow who stole it, and who has since been committed for trial.

Bell's Weekly Messenger,
Oct. 2, 1803.

The Hunter and Monkey Sportsman.

A SINGULAR and diverting occurrence took place near Taunton in Somersetshire. Some time ago, a favourite old hunter, belonging to Joseph Parsley,

Esq being locked in the stable, on hearing the noise of a French horn, and cry of the hounds, began to be very restive: the ostler going into the stable, judged that the spirited animal wanted some sport; he instantly saddled him, to which he affixed a large monkey, and turned him loose, who, following the sound, joined the pack, and was one of the first in at the death of poor reynard; but the amazement of the sporting gentlemen was greatly heightened, by observing the monkey holding the reins with all the dexterity of a true sportsman.

Bell's Weekly Messenger,
May 15, 1803.

The sagacious Mule.

A CERTAIN mule that was wont to carry salt, in fording a river, by accident happened to stumble; by which means the water melting away the salt, when the mule rose again, he felt himself much lighter; the cause of which the mule was very sensible of, and laid it up in his memory, insomuch, that every time he forded the same river, he would always stoop when he came into the deepest part, and fill his vessels with water, crouching down, and leaning sometimes to one side, and sometimes to another. Thales hearing this, ordered the vessels to be well filled with wool and sponge, and to drive the mule laden after that manner. The mule, as he was wont, filled his burthens with

water, and on discovering the trick which had been played him, reasoned with himself, that he had ill consulted his own benefit; and ever afterwards, when he forded the same river, was so careful and cautious, that by his good will he would never suffer his burthens so much as to touch the water.

The industrious Mule.

When Pericles built the temple Hecatonpedon, in the Acropolis or Tower of Athens, it so fell out, that the stones were to be fetched every day many furlongs off, and a world of carriages were made use of for that purpose. Among the rest of the mules that laboured hard in this employment, there was one that, though dismissed

by reason of age, would still go down to the Keramicon, and meeting the carts that brought the stones, would be always in their company, running by their sides, as it were by way of encouragement, and to excite them to work cheerfully. So that the people, admiring the zeal of the mule, ordered him to be fed at the public charge.

Plutarch.

The Magnanimous Horse.

Such was the humour of Bucephalus, the famous horse of Alexander the Great, that before he was accoutred, would suffer his groom to back him; but when he had all his royal trappings and housings about him, would permit no person but Alexander to bestride

him. If any other persons approached him out of curiosity, in order to try what they could do, he encountered them open-mouthed, and neighing out his fury, leaped upon their shoulders, bore them down, and trampled them under his feet, unless prevented by keeping at a distance, or by speedy flight. *Plutarch.*

Extraordinary Perseverance in a Pack Horse.

Till of late years pack-horses were employed, in the northern counties of England, to carry the different manufactures and articles of traffic from one part of the kingdom to another; but the improved state of our roads has caused that mode of conveyance to be

almost entirely laid aside. In their journies over trackless moors, they strictly adhere to the line of order and regularity custom has taught them to observe. The leading horse, which is always chosen for his sagacity and steadiness, being furnished with bells, gives notice to the rest, who follow the sound, and generally without much deviation, though sometimes at a considerable distance. The following anecdote will shew with what obstinate perseverance they have been known to observe the line of their order. Some years ago, one of these horses, which had been long accustomed to follow his leader, by accident or fatigue, was thrown into an inferior rank; the poor animal, as if sensible of his disgrace, by the most strenuous exertions, at length recovered his usual station,

which he maintained during the remainder of the journey; but, on his arrival in the inn yard, he dropped down dead upon the spot, his life falling a sacrifice to his ambition—a species of heroism we must admire, even in the brute creation.

Bewick's Quadrupeds.

Remarkable Instinct in a Mare.

I HAVE many times (observes Mr. Lawrence) seen a mare walk through droves of young chicks and ducklings to the stable, lifting up her feet, laying her ears, and putting her nose almost to the ground, lest she should tread upon them. The same mare, trotting at full speed, once flew a rood out of her way, that she might not tread

upon a child which was accidentally crossing the road. This was not the effect of starting or shying, to which she was not at all addicted, but evidently the result of thought or reflection. The same mare once saved herself and her master. He was riding slowly and very heedlessly up the hill upon Epping forest, opposite a waggon. The mare pricked her ears at a man and horse coming full speed down the hill, exactly in her line of direction. At their approach she hung back, and in an instant, with the dexterity of a harlequin, sheltered herself under the tail of the waggon. A horseman coming up very fast, received the dreadful shock. One horse was killed on the spot, and the shoulder of the other shattered to pieces. I am thoroughly convinced (he adds), that this animal

acted in these instances purely from the influence of rational motives.

Treatise on Horses.

The learned Horse.

THERE was lately to be seen, at the fair of St. Germain in Paris, a little brown bay horse, very well made, about six years old, who, on coming into the assembly, paid his respects by an air, and some motions expressive of his satisfaction. He answered very exactly by signs of the head to all the questions his master put to him. He drank to the health of the king, by taking a cup into his mouth, and also fired off a pistol with his mouth. He could feign himself lame or dead, that he should not be obliged to go to the

war. If any person of the assembly drew a card, and held it before the horse's eye, he would beat on the ground with his foot as many strokes as there were spots on the card. He could likewise tell what o'clock it was by a watch, by beating with his hoof, expressing the quarter, as a repeating watch, by small redoubled strokes. Being asked if he had any knowledge of arithmetic, he made a sign that he had; and then, whoever choosed to question him, as, for instance, how many eight and six made, he gave fourteen strokes with his foot. His master took several pieces of money from different persons of the assembly, and having jumbled them together, he threw them one after another in a handkerchief to the horse, who, taking them out one by one in his mouth,

brought to each person their piece. There is no exaggeration in all this; and all these feats of ingenuity have been seen by a great concourse of spectators. It cannot be doubted, but that this horse was guided by the signs or voice of his master; but it is astonishing how he could so well obey signs that were imperceptible to the spectators. *Weekly Amusement.*

The Horse of Discernment.

A BEAUTIFUL stallion, lately the property of the Duke of Northumberland, and sold for four hundred guineas, had lately, on account of his savage properties, been parted with by different owners, at reduced prices, till at last an eminent riding master purchased him

for three guineas and a half. The moment the animal was got home, what is technically termed a dead rider was put upon his back, and, after many fruitless attempts to throw this immoveable load, he was turned loose in the school, where he remained two days and nights without any provender. On the third morning his master appeared with a sieve of corn, which the horse ate without evincing any ferocity. On the next day the riding-master again shewed himself, attended by two grooms with broomsticks, which, on the animal's evincing any vice, they were directed to belabour him with; but, surprising to relate, the horse, on being threatened with blows, instantly ran up to his master, put his head over his shoulder, and absolutely licked his face. The horse

from that moment became perfectly quiet, and is now deservedly the *crack* of the school.

Morning Post, Jan. 28, 1803.

Retaliation of a Horse.

DENNIS ROLLE, Esq. the father of the present Lord Rolle, informs us, that "A baronet, one of whose hunters had never tired in the longest chase, once encouraged the cruel thought of attempting completely to fatigue him. After a long chase, therefore, he dined, and again mounting, rode him furiously among the hills. When brought back to the stable, his strength appeared exhausted, and he was scarcely able to walk. The groom, possessed of more feeling than his brutal master,

could not refrain from tears at the sight of such a noble animal thus sunk down. The master, some time after, entered the stable, when the horse made a furious spring upon him, and, had not the groom interfered, would certainly have dispatched him.

History of Domestic Quadrupeds.

The War Horse.

THE war horse is so much inspired with the spirit of his rider, that a modern author informs us, "he has a horse that, after having been trained for some time in a troop of volunteer cavalry, was so fond of the exercise, that no sooner were his accoutrements put on, than he was ready to rush out of the stable, and to follow the sound

of the trumpet; but when saddled for riding, he was merely passive."

Curious Epitaph on a Horse.

In the park at Goatherst, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, the seat of Sir Charles Thynne, Bart. is erected a tomb to the memory of a favourite horse. The monument is adorned with the various trappings and accoutrements in which that animal is commonly arrayed, and in the centre are the following lines:

EPITAPH.

To the memory of one who was remarkably steady,
These stones are erected.
What he undertook, with spirit he accomplished.
His deportment was graceful, nay, noble;

The Ladies admired, and followed him;
By application he gained applause.
His abilities were so powerful, as to draw easily
the divine, the lawyer, and the statesman
into his own smooth track.
Had he lived in the days of Charles I. the Cavaliers
would not have refused his assistance: for
to the reins of due government he
was always obedient.
He was a favorite, yet at times felt the wanton
lash of lawless power.
After a life of laborious servitude, performed like
Clarendon's, with unimpeached fidelity,
He, like that great man, was turned out of em-
ployment,
Stript of all trappings, without place or pension:
Yet, being endued with a generous forgiving tem-
per, saint-like,
Not dreading futurity, he placidly met the hand
appointed to be his assassin.
Thus he died—an example to all mortals under the
wide expanded canopy of heaven!

The dancing Horse.

Mr. Ray informs us, that he had seen a horse who danced to music, who, at the command of his master, affected to be lame; who simulated death; lay motionless, with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about, till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprung on his feet. Facts of this kind would scarcely receive credit, if so many persons were not now acquainted with the wonderful docility of the horses educated by Astley and others. In exhibitions of this kind, the docility and prompt obedience of the animals deserves more admiration than the dexterous feats of men.

Sufferings of the Post-Horse.

COULD the poor Post-Horse tell thee all his woes,
Shew thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold!
Hir'd at each call of business, lust, or rage,
That prompts the traveller from stage to stage,
Still on his strength depends their boasted speed;
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed;
And though he, groaning, quickens at command,
Their extra shilling in the rider's hand
Becomes his bitter scourge—tis he must feel
The double efforts of the lash and steel,
'Till when, up hill, the destin'd inn he gains,
And trembling under complicated pains,
Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,
His breath emitted floats in clouds around;
Drops chase each other down his chest and sides,
And spatter'd mud his native colour hides;
Thro' his swoln veins the boiling torrent flows,
And every nerve a separate torture knows.
His harness loos'd, he welcomes, eager-ey'd,
The pail's full draught, that quivers by his side;
And joys to see the well-known stable door,
As the starv'd mariner the friendly shore.
Ah! well for him, if here his suff'rings ceas'd,
And ample hours of rest his pains appeas'd!

But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,
And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes,
Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,
Come forth he must, tho' limping, maim'd, and sore;
He hears the whip—the chaise is at the door.
The collar tightens, and again he feels
His half-heal'd wounds enflam'd; again the wheels
With tiresome sameness in his ears resound,
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground!

Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.

Johnson and his black Horse.

THIS celebrated horseman is well remembered by many persons now alive in this country. Johnson, being at Derby in one of his excursions, married the daughter of Alderman Howe, who then kept one of the principal inns, and succeeded him in his busi-

ness. He conducted himself so as to be well esteemed by the gentlemen of the country; and his black horse, which he still kept, was one of the favorites of the Vernon hunt, then probably the first in England. A feat performed by him and his horse may, perhaps, be worth remembering.

The hunt were taking leave of Lord Vernon one day by the side of the Ha-ha, when his Lordship told Johnson, it was extraordinary that he never had been tempted, in the course of any day, to do more, as a horseman, than all the members of the hunt could do. "Well, my Lord (said he), what would you wish me to do?" "I am not to choose (said his Lordship); but surely you can do something more than others." "I will go over that ha-ha, my Lord." "So can others—myself

for one." "But I, my Lord (said he), will go over it in a way in which your Lordship cannot."

He rode his black horse up to the brink; and, as he stopped, laid his hands upon the pommel of the saddle, and sprung from that posture clear over the ha-ha. The hunt applauded, but the performance was not over. He was something shook by the fall, and did not immediately rise; the horse looked at him attentively all the while, and, when he had got out of the way, followed him over, ran up to him, and stood by his side till he mounted.

The war Horse, as described by Virgil.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far,
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd sight.
On his right shoulder, his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind:
His horny hoofs are jetty, black, and round;
His chin is double: starting with a bound
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow;
He bears his rider headlong to the foe.

The High-mettled Racer, written by Mr. Dibdin.

See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
The confusion, but hear: I bet you, Sir! done! done!
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the tir'd ear,

While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breast;
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud;
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood:
While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstake, his sire gain'd that race:
And what matches he'd won to the hostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge alehouse door,
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled racer 's a hack on the road.

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand till the sand of his hour-glass stands still.

And now cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew;
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

Remarkable Sagacity in a Horse.

THE following singular circumstance is related in the Universal Theological Magazine for April 1802.

About twenty years ago, I was well acquainted (says the writer) with a team of horses belonging to the Earl of Macclesfield, in Oxfordshire: one of them was naturally vicious and ill-tempered, and one quite the reverse. Next to the latter, was placed in the stable, another which had the misfortune to be blind. In the summer season they used to be turned out to grass with some other horses, and this very good-tempered creature constantly

took his blind friend under his protection. If at a turning loose, the blind horse happened to take a wrong direction, and get at a distance from his companion, he would discover the greatest distress, by neighing and running about the field, where his friendly guide used to place himself in such a position that he might run against him, when, after smelling to him, he would begin to feed with the greatest confidence and composure.

But what appears still more extraordinary, this horse was naturally of so peaceable a disposition, that he had incurred the character of being a coward when only himself was concerned; but if any of them made an attack upon his blind friend, he would fly with such fury, that not a horse in the field could stand against him! Whenever it happened that the horses broke the fence,

and went astray, this faithful creature never once left his unfortunate companion, though he has sometimes conducted him through the gap into the adjoining field: nor did he ever sustain any injury from several deep pits to which he was exposed. This singular instance of sagacity, I had almost said humanity, in a horse, has often struck me with astonishment; and thought I, "Might not this put *many* to the blush, to whom the Almighty has given more knowledge than to the beasts that perish!"

Pedigree of a Poet's Horse.

YOUNG Pegasus was got by Orontophilus, belonging to the tutelar saint of England, on which he slew the fiery dragon; his dam, Pansophia, that beat

the famous *Veni, vidi, vici* mare of Julius Cæsar: his grandsire, Bucephalus, his master Alexander of Macedon, who with him beat the globe, and at his death built the city Bucephala, near Hydaspes, to his memory; his grandam Lais, that won immense sums at Corinth; his great grandsire Bellerophontisibus, which Bellerophon run against the Chimerse, and beat hollow; his great grandam Semiramis, that distanced the Persian Cyrus on the plains of Persepolis; his great great grandsire Bosphorus run against time in the *Viæ Lactis*, but Jupiter betting considerably against him, sent a gad fly to sting him, and threw his rider; his great great grandam, after winning many plates, was the principal hunter in Actæon's stables; his great great great grandsire the off stallion in Phæton's car; his great great great

grandam Avis, that won a flying match against Priam of Troy; his great great great great grandsire Pegasus Volatus generated from the blood of Medusa and for his swifness was made a constellation.

Pegasus æthere summo agitat pinnas et sidere gaudet.

Sporting Magazine.

The punctual Horse.

Some years since, an old horse was regularly worked in one of the Royal Dock Yards. This wonderful creature would labour all the morning very diligently till he heard the twelve o'clock bell ring; but after that, nothing could prevail upon him to proceed, till the labourers' dinner hour had expired.

This animal seemed to be perfectly convinced he had faithfully performed his morning task, and was resolved not to be imposed upon by any of the workmen.

The fatal Horse; written by William Hayley, Esq. and published by Mr. Phillips, in his Collection of Ballads.

Of creatures that to man attend,
His pastime or his wealth;
The Horse we cherish as a friend,
To sickness and to health.

Bless them who shield a steed from woe,
By age from toil releas'd!
And hated be the proud, who shew
No mercy to their beast!

A wretch once doom'd, though rich and strong,
His faithful horse to bleed,
But tell his fate, my moral song,
For that atrocious deed!

An antient knight of Kentish race;
Of his athletic frame
Prone to indulge the passions base,
Sir Geoffrin his name.

Against a priest indulg'd his rage,
Who charitably good,
To shield a widow's helpless age,
His avarice withstood.

With abject choler, fierce and hot,
The knight per force would gain,
And blend her little garden-plot
With his superb domain.

The priest, who, on that very ground,
To soothe his wrath would strive,
In frantic passion's fit he bound,
And buried him alive!

The wretch was seiz'd with shame and fear,
Tho' he his crime would boast;
When suddenly he chanc'd to hear,
His king lay off the coast.

'Twas gallant Harold, in that day,
Elate with regal power;
Becalm'd his stately vessel lay,
Near Geoffrin's high tower.

The royal mercy to surprise,
He now resolves with speed;
"Haste, hither bring," he wildly cries,
"My strongest favourite steed."

It was a steed of noblest kind,
In spirit and in limb,
On which the desp'rate knight design'd
To the king's ship to swim!

Now by the swelling ocean's side,
He mounts his courser brave!
Spurs him with domineering pride,
And plunges in the wave!

Us'd to his bold caprices oft,
And equal to his weight
The courser toss'd his mane aloft,
And swam with breast elate.

The knight now flourishes his sword,
As near the ship he draws;
The wondrous sight strikes all on board,
Who throng to find the cause.

The sailors round their sov'reign croud,
Who on the vessel's stern,
Now hails the knight's approach aloud,
Eager his aim to learn.

"Provok'd by villains, one I slew,
"And own him rashly slain;
"Hence to thy clemency I flew,
"My pardon to obtain!"

"Now by St. George, thou ventrous knight,
"Thy steed has nobly done:
"Swim back, and pardon make thee light,
"Thy pardon he has won!"

The knight now with a joyous spring,
His horse's neck embrac'd;
Then blessing thrice his gracious king,
He steer'd him back in haste.

Now, as he touch'd his native sand,
And near his castle gate,
He saw the weeping widow stand,
And mock'd her mournful state.

" Woman, thy threats touch me no more,
" I ride on safety's wing;
" My brave horse brings me safe to shore,
" With pardon from my king!"

" Kings seem to grant what God denies,
" Trust my prophetic breath,"
So the indignant dame replies,
" That horse shall prove thy death."

She spoke, and with a voice so keen,
It search'd his inmost soul,
And caus'd a storm of fearful spleen,
Thro' his dark brain to roll.

Half credulous, half wildly brave,
Now doubt, now rage prevails:
He stood like a black suspended wave,
Struck by too adverse gales.

A doubt by superstition nurst,
Made all just thoughts recede;
Frantic he wav'd his sword, and pierc'd
His life preserving steed!

"Thy prophecies I thus destroy,"
He cried, "thou wretched crone;
"Threats on my days no more employ,
"But tremble for thy own."

Striding away, his steed he left
In his pure blood to roll,
He quickly, of all aid bereft,
Breath'd out his nobler soul.

The boastful knight, now gay with pride
By his successful crimes,
Floating on folly's golden tide,
Prosper'd in stormy times.

Ungrateful both to man and beast,
His sovereign he betray'd,
And lent ere Harold's empire ceas'd,
The Norman treacherous aid.

The Norman tyrant much carest
This proud and abject slave,
And lands, by worthier lords possest,
For his base succour gave.

Now years, since that eventful hour,
In which his courser bled,
Had pour'd increase of wealth and pow'r
On his aspiring head.

As near, with much enlarg'd estate,
To his domain he drew,
He chanc'd before his castle gate,
A signal scene to view.

The scene his war-steel'd nerves could shock,
Seated on mossy stones
The widow, leaning 'gainst a rock,
Wept o'er his horse's bones.

Enrag'd from his new steed he vaults,
Quick with his foot to spurn
These bones, that bid his bloody faults
To his base mind return.

The head, now bleach'd, his proud foot strikes
With such indignant speed,
The bone its fierce aggressor spikes;
It is his turn to bleed.

The trivial wound the wrathful knight
Disdains to search with care,
But soon he finds, the wound tho' slight,
Death lurks in ambush there.

Now to his bed of sorrow bound,
By penitential pain,
He seems, by this heart-reaching wound,
A purer mind to gain.

Near to his couch he bids, with care,
The widow to be brought,
And speaks to her, with soften'd air,
His self-correcting thought.

" True Prophetess! I feel thee now;
" So God my crimes forgive,
" As I with thee true concord vow;
" In comfort may'st thou live.

" Behold upon this charter'd scroll,
" A pictur'd cottage stand,
" I give it thee with all my soul,
" And its adjacent land.

" The only rent I will assume,
" Be this: At close of day,
" Sit thou, with pity, on my tomb,
" And for my spirit pray!

" That tomb be rais'd by sculpture's aid,
" To warn men from my guilt;
" My horse's head beside me laid,
" Whose blood I basely spilt!"

He spoke, he died, the tomb was made,
His statue look'd to heaven!
And daily then the widow pray'd,
His crimes might be forgiven!

The Baker's Horse and the Trumpeter.

SOME few years ago a baker purchased an old horse in Smithfield market, and wishing to make the animal useful, regularly placed a pair of panniers on his back, and filled the same with bread, and afterwards mounted himself. One day he happened to be passing the gate of Hyde Park at the moment the trumpet was sounding for the regiment of Life Guards to fall in. No sooner had the sound assailed the animal's ear, than instantly, in despite of all his master's resistance, he dashed like lightning through the park with the baker on his back, into the midst the squadron. The poor baker was greatly disconcerted at this unexpected adventure, and feeling very uneasy at

the situation he was in, began to whip, kick, spur, and swear, at a dreadful rate, but all to no purpose, for his charger, like another Bucephalus, was so animated at the sound of the trumpet, that to move him from his station was impossible.

The soldiers were much amused at the grotesque appearance of the baker, and his horse's deportment, and were expressing their surprise to each other, when an old comrade recognised the animal, and informed the corps that he had formerly belonged to the regiment, but had been sold out on account of some infirmities a few years before. Several of the officers then kindly greeted their old companion, and the Colonel delighted at the circumstance, immediately gave the signal to advance in line, when the baker

— he dashed like lightning through the park with the baker on his back.

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finding all resistance useless, without the risk of broken bones, calmly resigned himself to his situation. The trumpet then sounded the charge, and the baker was instantly carried between his two panniers with the rapidity of the wind to a great distance. Various other evolutions were then performed, in which the animal displayed many equestrian feats. At length the sound of retreat was proclaimed, when off went this sagacious creature and his rider, contented, after having performed his duty in the field, to resign himself to the guidance of the bridle in a more humble walk of life.

Affectionate Horses.

M. DE BOUSSANELLE mentions, in his *Observations Militaire*, printed at Paris in 1760, that in 1757, a horse of great spirit and beauty belonging to his company, having from great age his teeth so much impaired, as to be unable to chew his food, was supported for two months, and would have been longer, had he been kept, by the two horses who ate with him, on his right and left, who alternately took hay and corn from the rack, chewed it, and laid it before the aged beast. This fact, says the author, is fully attested by a whole regiment of cavalry.

Remarkable Longevity and Sagacity of a Horse.

Mr. Astley, Jun. of the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, has at this time in his possession, a remarkably fine Barbary horse, forty-three years old, presented to him by the late Duke of Leeds. This noble and surprising creature was at one time deemed so ungovernable, as to render it unsafe for any but an expert horseman to ride him. A short time, however, under proper management, effected a perfect change in his nature. Being naturally good-natured, and uncommonly tractable, he soon became an adept in the art of fetching and carrying, and will now do so at the word of command, which will

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readily be believed, when the reader is informed that this is the celebrated animal that has for a number of years been seen officiating in the character of a waiter, in the course of the performances at the amphitheatre, and at various other theatres in the United Kingdom.

At the request of his master, he has been seen to bring into the Riding School a tea table and its appendages, which has been followed up by fetching a chair or stool, or what else might be wanted. His achievements generally terminate by taking a kettle of boiling water from off a considerable blaze of fire, to the wonder and admiration of every beholder.

In the art of picking pockets he may be said to vie in celebrity with the once notorious Barrington. An

apple, pear, handkerchief, snuff-box, and in short, any thing of a similar nature, is sure to be taken out of the pocket, by the teeth of this dumb professor of petty larceny. Apples he is particularly fond of, and should his master forget to give him one or two in the course of the day, he is certain to put his mouth into his pocket, and on not finding one there, will lay his head on his shoulder, and by an occasional lick on the face with his tongue, make known his wishes, and the debt he considers due to him.

This sagacious and gentle creature, although, as already observed, in the forty-third year of his age, still preserves all that fine symmetry of form and limb, which may be said to render the horse, more than any other animal, beautiful. And what is a little extra-

ordinary, he is still as lively and playful as a young colt, and is now rode by Mr. Astley, Jun. in the minuet at the Olympic Pavilion. Nature, however, in some instances prevails; his teeth are nearly, if not entirely gone, which renders it necessary that his food should be of a soft and tender quality. We cannot conclude the account of this fine Barbary horse, (by many thought to be Spanish) without expressing our surprise and indignation at a circumstance which took place in the course of the preceding winter at the Olympic Pavilion. The horse had been going through his accustomed performances one evening, when *a wretch*, in the form of a man, observing the animal to be fond of apples, enticed him to take one from his hand, which the poor creature did; by the

motion of his head, he was seen attempting to eat it with much difficulty; his loss of teeth was at first considered to be the only cause of the pain he seemed to feel in the act of mastication; but what was the owner's sensations on approaching the horse, and taking the apple from his mouth, to find it stuck *full of pins!* Mr. Astley, who would not take *any money* for this surprising animal, immediately offered a considerable reward for the apprehension of the culprit: the *monster* had, however, absconded, and thereby evaded that chastisement which British humanity blended with justice, would, no doubt, have inflicted on the *savage* and cruel offender.

Communicated by W. Upton, Esq.

The dying Horse.

MASTER, farewel! I've serv'd you long and true;
Yes, noble master! for I've found thee so:
Twice fourteen years my back has carried you,
And yet not once did thy displeasure know.

Oh, master dear! when both were green in years,
How oft I've borne thee to thy distant love,
You best can tell!—but why thine eyes in tears?
I do not wish your tender heart to move.

Nay, do not look so sad, nor stroke my head;
We now must part!—must bid a long adieu!
Yet, ere I'm number'd with the silent dead,
Thy poor old servant dies with blessing you.

And oh, fond master! hear my last request,
Be still the same, be still the horse's friend!
So may'st the turf lie lightly on thy breast,
When you and life (which heav'n prolong) doth end.

Do you learn others, like thyself, to feel,
To know our value, and to use us fair;
For could our tongues the pains oft felt reveal,
Sure those who lash us would such torture spare.

Willing, nay eager, is our wish to please—
When oft we're scourg'd, and ev'ry pore runs blood!
By day and night, alas! bereft of ease,
Whipp'd, spurr'd, and goaded in the very stud.

Master! kind master! do you prove a friend—
The horse's friend—for much thy care they need;
Depict their suff'rings, and their cause defend,
And save, oh save them, when condemn'd to bleed!

So may'st thou, best of masters! happy be,
Nor grief nor trouble e'er thy wishes cross;
But cherub babes their blessings lisp for thee,
Is the last prayer of thy dying horse.

William Upton, Esq.

Remarkable Instance of Preservation, by a sure-footed Horse.

THE construction of the bridge at Chepstow is extremely curious; the

planks that form the floor rise with the tide, which, at certain times, is said to attain to the height of 70 feet. About twenty-four years since, it was thought necessary to remove the floor of this bridge, which was accordingly done, and only one or two of the planks remained for the convenience of the foot passengers. This was very well lighted, and a man placed at the end, to warn those that approached of their danger. But it so happened, that one dreadful stormy night the lamps blew out, and the monitor, supposing that no one would in such a hurricane attempt to pass, retired to shelter.

After midnight a traveller knocked at the door of an inn at Chepstow.

"Who is there?" said the landlord, who had long retired to rest, and was now called out of bed.

The traveller mentioned his name, which was well known.

"How [redacted] did you come?" said the landlord.

"How did I come? why, over the bridge to be sure!"

"What! on horseback?"

"Yes!"

"No," said the landlord, "that is impossible: however, as you are here, I'll let you in."

The host, when the traveller repeated his assertion, was staggered. He was certain that he must have come over the bridge, because there was no other way; but also knowing the state of the passage, he could only attribute the escape of the traveller and his horse to *witchcraft*. He, however, said nothing to him that night, but the next morning took him to the bridge, and shewed

him the plank that his horse must have passed over, at the same time that he pointed to the raging torrent beneath. Struck with this circumstance, the traveller, it is said, was seized with an illness, from which he did not speedily recover.

European Magazine, Sept. 1806.

Anecdote of TURK, *the celebrated Stallion.*

THIS noble and beautiful horse was originally the property of his Majesty; but owing to the uncommon viciousness of his nature was obliged to be parted with; and thus came into the possession of Mr. Griffin, at that time in the capacity of riding-master at the

Remarkable Instance of Preservation by a sure-footed Horse.

Published by R. and J. Dodsley in Pall Mall, June 3 1803.

Royal Grove (now the Amphitheatre), Westminster-bridge.

Mr. Griffin, who has for several years kept livery stables at Bristol, declares, that when he first purchased the horse in question, it was the opinion of every one, that he could not be taken away from the royal stables on account of his viciousness. Mr. Griffin, however, adopted the following stratagem: observing an opening at the top of the stable, he ascended with a strong rope, with a prepared noose, having at the same time directed one of the grooms or helpers to stand under the aperture with a basket of corn, first taking care to throw the noose round the same: the animal being thus tempted to partake of the bait, the rope was instantly pulled as tight round his neck as possible, indeed so much so, that the

horse lost the use of his feet from a temporary suffocation. Having thus far accomplished his scheme, Mr. Griffin, and several other persons who were on the spot, ventured to approach him, and finding it necessary to bleed him, Turk gradually recovered his senses, but not without expressing by the glare of his eyes and the wildness of his looks, the utmost surprise at every thing around him. With great caution and much difficulty, he was at length conveyed to his new stable, where a long time, however, elapsed before this noble and stupendous animal was sufficiently broke in for public inspection.

Turk, in the course of his life, was several times in Ireland, and not only there, but in every other place where he was exhibited, his beautiful cream-

coloured skin, and lofty majestic stature, were sure to attract the admiration and wonder of every one who beheld him. It was the fate of this horse to have been the property of a number of masters; by some he was treated with every mark of care, attention, and indulgence; but, we are sorry to say, by others with neglect and unpardonable severity. Mr. William Davis, the celebrated equestrian, was in the possession of Turk for a number of years, and is said to have done more towards perfecting his education (Mr. Griffin excepted) than any other master. The fondness, indeed, of Mr. Davis for Turk, and that of Turk for his master, was perfectly reciprocal; for wherever the master happened to be, the animal, if possible, would always follow.

Such were the feelings of Mr. Davis, on hearing of the death of Turk (which happened in the course of the preceding winter; for the poor animal having been lent to a company of travelling equestrians, this noble creature, in the course of his peregrinations, breathed his last), that he absolutely turned his head aside and wept.

The following circumstance took place while Turk was in the possession of Mr. Griffin. One day this animal, full of blood and spirit, had been just exercised for public performance, and scarcely to be approached by any one but his master, was returned to the stable, the door of which was by the negligence of the servant left open. An infant daughter of Mr. Griffin, only two years and a few weeks old, on finding the stable door open, had

The high-spirited animal knew the voice.

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crept in, got to the horse, and crawling under his belly, was found playing and tickling the animal with her fingers. The mother of the child providentially at the moment happened to pass by, and observing the perilous situation of her little darling, uttered a loud scream, which brought in Mr. Griffin, who very luckily happened to be in the way. Mrs. Griffin was immediately desired to withdraw from the place; the master then approached the horse with the soothing words of "Soho Boy! Soho Boy!" The high-spirited animal knew the voice, and permitted the agonized father to draw the child from under his belly unhurt. Mr. Griffin has since acknowledged, that at that time he expected every moment to witness the dreadful scene

of seeing his infant's brains kicked out, and scattered before him.

Mr. Upton, who communicated the preceding anecdote to the compiler, has commemorated the death of Turk by the following appropriate lines:

Farewel! most noble, yes, and generous horse!
Thy work is done! and now they'll know thy loss:
Form'd to amaze, surprise, delight mankind,
Vain, vain's the hope another TURK to find.
Thy *equal* lives not—no, for when you fell,
To thee, or like thee, we may say—Farewell!

The diminutive Mare.

A LITTLE mare, about 27 inches high, though between four and five years old, lately brought over from the East Indies, in the Medway, Captain Tinker, as a present to the Duke of Glo-

cester, from Captain Douglas, in the East India Company's service, was this day presented to her Majesty by his Royal Highness.

This little animal is remarkably well proportioned, of a dun colour, the hair somewhat resembling that of a young fawn; has fine ears, a quick eye, and a set of exceeding fine teeth, with a handsome long tail, mane, and foretop; her legs differ from the rest of the body in colour, being quite black; she is remarkably good-natured, will suffer herself to be stroaked and played with like a lap-dog; and goes up and down stairs with the greatest familiarity. She was brought from Portsmouth to London in a post-chaise. In coming over from India, for want of her natural food, they were obliged to give her water-gruel, biscuit, &c.

and some time before she arrived in England, she would eat almost any thing that the seamen lived upon. However, by living thus, in a manner contrary to her nature, she was reduced very low; but by the care which is now taken of her, begins to recover her natural beauty and sleekness of skin. Her food now is chiefly bread and water-gruel, with some grass of the tenderest sort.

It is said, that this little animal was deemed so great a curiosity even in the East Indies, that one of the nabobs offered a thousand pounds for her. Yet there is some reason to believe, that there are as small horses nearer home,—in some of the Scotch islands. At least, in the month of November following, a little black

horse, measuring but 33 inches, was landed at Newcastle from Shetland.

Annual Register, *vol.* viii. 1765.

Uncommon Sensibility in a Horse.

THE following particulars are extracted from a letter from Salisbury, dated 10th December, 1795:

On Monday se'nnight died, the Rev. Charles Wager Allix, of Mere, in this county, whose loss will be severely felt by the poor of his parish.

The death of the above gentleman was attended with the following extraordinary circumstance: he had been out coursing on the Wednesday preceding, and approaching home, enquired the hour of his servant; on

being informed, he remarked, that there was time for a short ride before dinner, turned his horse about, took a circuit, and again arrived within a mile of his own house, when his servant observed him to be gradually falling from his horse, pointing at the same time to the ground. The servant got up in time to catch his master in his arms, and having laid him on the ground, a game-keeper, who was passing by, staid with Mr. Allix until the servant went to the house for assistance. He soon after returned on a valuable horse worth seventy guineas. On the approach of the animal, he smelt to his master (apparently a lifeless corpse), snorted, and ran back a few paces, fell on his side, and died *instantly!* Though Mr. Allix languished till the Monday following, he

neither spoke, nor shewed any symptoms of sensibility in the interval.

The curious Horse.

One of the Oxford dragoon horses, quartered at Leominster, in the neighbourhood of Ludlow, in Shropshire, having got loose in the stable, had the curiosity to march up a crooked staircase into the hay-loft, with a view, *no doubt*, to examine his stock of provisions: it is supposed he must have been there at least two hours, when his rider coming into the stable, and missing his horse, was thunderstruck, knowing he had the key in his pocket. The poor fellow, not having the least suspicion of his horse being up stairs, ran like a madman to inform an officer

of his loss, but had scarcely got 20 yards, when the animal, exulting in his station, put his head through the pitching-hole, and neighed aloud. The astonishment of the soldier, and the whole neighbourhood, can be better conceived than described. Every stratagem that could be devised was made use of, to lead or force him down the stairs, but all in vain; he saw the danger, and was obstinate.

The horse for a considerable time kept trotting and snorting about the loft, to the no small diversion of the spectators; at length, having wearied their efforts and patience, he accidentally trod upon the only vulnerable part of the floor, a trap-door, which covered a hole for sacking hops, 27 inches by 23, which being made of weaker boards than the rest, gave way,

and his hinder part going down through till his feet touched the ground, he remained a few seconds in that position, and then disappeared (like Harlequin in a pantomime), and dropped into the very posture and place in which he before stood in his stall, without any hurt, except the loss of a few hairs off one of his legs, and a piece of skin the size of a shilling, off his whiskers. The spectators could not forbear expressing their wonder, that the creature could fall through so small a hole without greater injury.

Banks's Horse.

Among the remarkable instances of the sagacity of horses may be placed Banks's famous horse, whose renown

is alluded to by Shakspeare in "Love's Labour Lost," Act 1. Scene 3. and by Decker, in his "Untrussing of the humourous Poet." It is related of this horse, that he would restore a glove to its owner, after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear; that he would tell the number of pence in any silver coin, and perform many other tricks his master bade him. He danced likewise to the sound of a pipe, and told money with his feet. Sir Walter Raleigh says, "that had Banks lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world, by the wonderful instructions which he had given to his horse.

Of the sagacity of a horse Dr. Swift has given a remarkable instance. This horse, which was a native of

Bristol, would stand upon his hind legs, bow to the company, and beat several marches on a drum.

The famous Horse Eclipse.

THIS wonderful horse was bred by the former Duke of Cumberland, and being foaled during the great eclipse, was so named by the Duke in consequence. His royal highness, however, did not survive to witness the very great performances he himself had predicted; for, when a yearling only, he was disposed of by auction, with the rest of the stud; and even in this very sale, a singularity attended him, for, upon Mr. Wildman's arrival the sale had begun, and some few lots were knocked down. A dispute here

arose, upon Mr. Wildman's producing his watch, and insisting upon it the sale had begun before the time advertised. The auctioneer remonstrated: Mr. Wildman was not to be satisfied, and insisted upon it the lots so sold should be put up again. This circumstance causing a loss of time, as well as a scene of confusion, the purchasers said, if there was any lot already sold which he had an inclination to, rather than retard its progress, it was totally at his service.

Eclipse was the only lot he had originally fixed upon, and that was transferred to him at seventy or seventy-five guineas. At four or five years old, the celebrated Captain O'Kelly purchased half of him for two hundred and fifty guineas, and, in a short time after, gave seven hundred and

fifty for the remainder. His great powers and performances are too well imprinted in the memory of the sporting world, to be speedily obliterated: in fact, his superior qualifications, his excellence in speed, blood, pedigree, and progeny, will be, perhaps, transmitted to the end of time.

Sporting Anecdotes.

Singular Sagacity of Horses in Finland.

Mr. Onthier, in his Journal of a Journey to the North, relates that the sagacity of horses in that country is worthy of attention; perhaps it would be thought to border a little upon the marvellous, were it not now generally agreed, that it is our interest to consider animals in a more respectable

light than mere machines, as what we call *instinct* in them, is often superior to what we call *understanding* in mankind.

In May, when the snows are melted, the horses leave their masters and go to certain parts of the forests, where, it seems, they hold a general rendezvous; there they form themselves into different companies, which never mix with others, or separate; and each company chooses a particular place of pasture, a department which they never quit to encroach on the territories of others. When they have consumed the grass here, they decamp with the same order to another part. The polity of these societies is so well regulated, and their marches so uniform, that their masters always know where to find them in case of need. After their

work is done, the horses return to their companions in the woods. In September, when the season sets in, they quit the forests in troops, and each goes back to his master's stall.

These horses are small, but sure and brisk, and very vicious. Though they are commonly gentle, yet some are not catched without difficulty, or harnessed to the carriages. These are usually in good plight when they come from this forest expedition; but the continued labour to which they are put in winter, and the little nourishment given them, soon bring them down again. They roll themselves on the snow, as our horses do on the grass, and in the bitterest cold weather, stand night after night in the yard, as well as the stable.

The sagacious Hunter.

In the year 1798, three gentlemen were coursing in the vicinity of Kingsclere, in Hampshire, when from a distance, they discovered a horse galloping violently towards them without a rider, and the bridle tied round his neck: on his coming up with them on a fallow ground they were beating, he immediately fell in with them, and took an usual distance for half an hour, in complete order, (though many endeavours were made to whip him back) in which time a hare was found sitting. The horse immediately stopped at the sound of the accustomed word *Soho!* and when puss was turned out, he closely followed the greyhounds with much caution, though with great resolution; and hav-

ing early in the course had a five-bar gate shut against him, which he meant to have forced through, he cleared a very high hedge and bank, and soon took the lead, getting up to the dogs, who soon after killed the hare over a steep hill, where he was found standing quietly by the side of them, who were stretched out extremely fatigued; he having had the full sight and enjoyment of as good and severe a course, as very rarely happens; the hare running upwards of two miles in a very stony and hilly country, before a very capital brace of greyhounds.

The horse was afterwards recognized by a servant to be the property of a respectable farmer of Kingsclere, who had turned him loose in a grass field, whilst conversing with his labourers.

The expeditious Horse.

MR. LAWRENCE, of the Lion Inn, in Shrewsbury, in September 1784, purchased a grey horse, then five years old, to run in the mail coach; and this excellent animal, though now nineteen years old, continues to perform this severe duty six days every week, with wonderful spirit and activity. From a calculation it appears, that between Sept. 1784, and Sept. 1797, he has actually travelled with this vehicle upwards of seventy-seven thousand miles. It would be no reflection on Mr. L.'s humanity, were he to permit this old servant to retire upon a pension.

Sporting Magazine, 1798.

The instinctive Post-Horse.

An old grey horse belonging to the Lion Inn, at Shrewsbury, and which (at the posting price of four-pence half-penny per mile) earned for its owner, £1443. 15s. was some days since turned into a field adjoining the London road. The mail guard blowing his horn, as was usual, near the place, the poor animal ran with full speed towards the spot, but being blind from age, struck his head against a brick building, and instantly expired.

Sporting Magazine, 1798.

The generous Dutchman and his spirited Horse.

VOLTEMAD CORNELIUS, a Dutchman, and an inhabitant of the Cape of Good Hope, whose intrepid philanthropy impelled him to risque, and (as it unfortunately proved) to lose his own life in consequence of heroic efforts to save the lives of others. This generous purpose in a great degree he effected, in the year 1773, when a Dutch ship was driven on shore in a storm, near Table Bay, not far from the South River Fort.

Returning from a ride, the state of the vessel, and the cries of the crew strongly interested him in their behalf: though unable to swim, he provided himself with a rope, and being mounted on a

powerful horse, remarkably muscular in its form, plunged with the noble animal into the sea, which rolled in waves sufficiently tremendous to daunt a man of common fortitude. This worthy man with his spirited horse, approached the ship's side, near enough to enable the sailors to lay hold of the end of a cord which he threw out to them: by this method and their grasping the horse's tail, he was happy enough, after returning several times, to convey *fourteen* persons safely on shore.

But in the warmth of his benevolence he appears not to have sufficiently attended to the prodigious and exhausting efforts of his horse, who, in combating with the boisterous billows and his accumulated burthens, was almost spent with fatigue, and debilitated by

the quantities of sea water, which in its present agitated state, could not be prevented from rushing in great quantities down his throat. In swimming with a heavy load, the appearance of a horse is singular; his forehead and nostrils are the only parts to be seen; in this perilous situation the least check on his mouth is generally considered as fatal; and it was supposed that some of the half-drowned sailors, in the ardour of self-preservation, pulled the bridle inadvertently, for the noble creature (far superior to the majority of bipeds who harrass and torment his species) suddenly disappeared with his master; he sunk, and rose no more.

This affecting circumstance induced the Dutch East India Company to erect a monument to Voltemad's memory; they likewise ordered that such

descendants or relations as he left, should be provided for. Before this intelligence reached the Cape, his nephew, a corporal in the service, had solicited to succeed him in a little employment he held in the menagerie, but being refused, retired in chagrin to a distant settlement, where he died before the news of the directors' recommendations could reach him.

Intelligent Horses.

Soon after the year 1745, a troop of cavalry, commanded by Sir Robert Clayton, was disbanded in the city of York; but as Sir Robert could not bear the idea of selling the dumb companions of his perils in Germany, to become butchers' hacks and the like, he

absolutely purchased a piece of ground upon Knavesmire Heath, upon which it was his desire these old horses should remain for life. It was upon this spot that they were seen by the gentleman who communicated this article. A thunder storm coming on at the same time, he was also a witness of the surprising power of instinct in these noble animals. They were grazing promiscuously when the first flashes of lightning made their appearance, and the distant thunder began to roll: but as if they supposed these appearances to be the signal of an approaching battle, they were very soon collected, and without the least assistance of any intelligent being, formed into a line almost as complete as if they had been managed by their respective riders.

The Marquis of Granby's Horse.

A PARIS Paper informs us, that one of the horses formerly belonging to this hero, was in the year 1800 the property of a farmer near Brighthelmstone. Being sixteen years of age at the close of the seven years war, the Marquis, in consideration of his age and services, suffered him to range at ease in his park, where he passed another sixteen years, and upon the death of his noble owner, he was actually sold to his present proprietor, who keeps him at work though he is now more than forty-six years of age. He is surprisingly well in health, has a good appetite, is sound in his legs, and has good teeth, though very long.

Epitaph on a favourite Horse.

Tho' long untrodden on poetic ground,
On me no Pegasean dust is found.
Your kind assistance, gentle Muses, lend,
To pay this tribute to a parting friend.
Let no *rough-trotting* lines my theme disgrace,
But smoothly *canter* in harmonious pace.
Sorrell, deceas'd, demands my grateful lay,
The *willing* Sorrell, to his latest day;
Upright he jogg'd through life's mysterious round,
In temper *gentle*, constitution *sound*;
Stranger to *vice*, no guilty *start* he knew,
By none excell'd, and equall'd but by few,
Whether the full *portmanteau* to sustain,
Or proudly gallop o'er th' extended plain;
To smoke the foremost in the eager chace,
Or shine unrival'd in th' unequal race;
Sorrell in each two grateful Lords obey'd
Who lov'd him living, and lament him dead.

County Magazine.

Horse revenges an Injury.

THE servant of Farmer Peters, of Wishingford, in the county of Cornwall, having beaten a horse with great cruelty, the beast *seized* him with his teeth, and shook him in the air in such a manner, that he died two hours after he was released.

Annual Register, Vol. xii. p. 89.

Bucephalus, the famous Horse of Alexander the Great, of Macedon.

ALEXANDER very early became an expert horseman. Bucephalus, a noble, strong, Thessalian horse, which had been sent as a present to Philip, was found totally ungovernable, and no

person durst venture to ride him. Alexander, however, requested permission from his father that he might mount the unruly steed. Philip at first refused his consent, but being pressed by the young prince, yielded at length to his entreaties. Alexander then springing upon the back of the horse, managed him so dexterously, that all present admired and applauded him. It was on this occasion that Philip shed tears joy, and embracing Alexander, said, "My son, seek some other kingdom more worthy of thy notice, for Macedon is below thy merit."

It is said, that when this horse was saddled and ready for battle, he would suffer no other person to mount him or go near him; that he leaned down on his knees to receive his master

upon his back; that after being mortally wounded in the battle against Porus, he saved the life of Alexander by carrying him through the crowd of enemies, and then expired; and that his master shed tears for his death, and in memory of him built, on the banks of the Hydaspis, a city called Bucephala. *Grecian History.*

Description of a spirited Horse, from Pope's Homer.

The wanton courser oft, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall and beats the trembling ground:
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides:
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulder flies;
He snuffs his females in the distant plain,
And springs exulting to his fields again.

The Arab's Attachment to his Horse.

So strong is the attachment that the Arab sometimes forms for his horse, that death alone can separate them. The whole property of a native of the desert consisted of a beautiful mare, which the French consul, it is said, wished to purchase for his master, Louis XIV. The Arab, pressed by want, long hesitated, but at length consented to part with her for a very high price, which he named. The Consul receiving authority to close with the terms, immediately informed the owner. The Arab, who had scarcely a rag to cover him, arrived, mounted on his mare: he alighted, and looking first at the gold, and then at his faithful and much valued servant,

heaved a deep sigh. "To whom is it," exclaimed he in an agony, "that I am going to yield thee up? To Europeans, who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable! Return with me, my beauty! my jewel! and rejoice the hearts of my children!" With these words, he sprang on her back, and was out of sight almost in a moment.

So tender is the Arab of his horse, that he will seldom beat or spur him; and in consequence of this humane treatment, the animal considers itself as one of the family, and will allow the children to play round it, and to fondle it like a dog.

Buffon.

Judgment in Horses.

"I HAVE often remarked," says Professor Hennings, "that when I have wanted to ride through clear water where the bottom could be seen, the horse went through without hesitation; but when the water was muddy he shrunk back, and if spurred on, tried the bottom with one foot, and in case he found it firm, advanced the other after it; but if, at the second step which he took, he found the depth to increase considerably, he went back. Why did he act in this manner? Certainly for no other reason than because he supposed the depth would increase still further, and be attended with danger. Did not then the horse act upon premeditated grounds?

That horses proceed very cautiously over elastic turf or marshy ground, is known to every one who has travelled on horseback over ground of that description. Pontoppidan says that the Norwegian horses, in going up or down the steep paths among the rocks, feel their way very cautiously before them, to ascertain whether the stones upon which they are about to step are firm."

The Sagacity of the Horse.

In England, where four or five horses travel in a line, the first always points his ears forward, and the last points his backwards, while the intermediate ones seem quite careless in this respect, which seems a part of policy to prevent surprise. There are some parts

of a horse which he cannot conveniently rub when they itch, but he goes to another horse, and gently bites him in the part which he wishes to be bitten, which is immediately done by his intelligent friend. In the extensive moorlands of Staffordshire, the horses have learnt to stamp upon a gorse-bush with one of their fore feet, for a minute together, and when the points are broken, they eat it without injury; which is an art other horses in the fertile parts of the country do not possess, and prick their mouths till they bleed, if they are induced by hunger or caprice to attempt eating gorse.

Man's Conduct to Animals.

The Sagacity of Horses in Time of Danger.

THE horse in this country is not a political animal; but in the deserts of Tartary and Siberia he is political, for being there hunted by the Tartars, as hares and deer are in this country, they, for self-preservation, form themselves into a kind of community, and take joint measures for saving themselves, which they commonly do by flight, and that they may not be surprised by the enemy, they set watches, and have commanders who direct and hasten their flight.

Monboddo on Language.

On the Beauty of the Horse's Ear.

THE ear of the horse receives its greatest beauty from motion. The ear of *no* animal has that vibrating power. The ears of a spirited horse are continually in motion; quivering, and darting their sharp points towards every object that presents; and the object is still more beautiful when the ears are so well set on, that the points are drawn nearly together. But it is not only the quivering motion of the horse's ears that we admire; we admire them also as the interpreters of his passions; particularly of fear, which some denominate courage; and of anger or malice. The former he expresses by darting them forward; the latter by laying them back.

How cruel then is it, to mutilate those beautiful creatures in the shocking manner we so frequently behold.

Man's Conduct to Animals.

Sublime Description of the Horse, from the Book of Job, Chap. 39, v. 19.

GOD, speaking to Job, asks him, "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver resteth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swallow-

such valuable properties. Yet, strange to assert, there is scarcely a man possessed of a good horse, that fails, either for sport or profit, to push its goodness to its destruction, instead of prudently husbanding his good fortune. If a horse can trot ten miles an hour, it is not long before a wager is laid, that he trots twelve miles; if this should be accomplished, so much the worse for the excellent beast, higher wagers succeed under an increase of task, till his spirit and powers sink at last under the whip and spur. The savage church-going christian calculates in his favour the difference only between the bet and the price of his nag. It is certain, that horses are more noble and more valuable animals in *this* world, than five out of ten of their masters.

Out of a catalogue of cruelty and

abuses to this beautiful species of the horse, we shall select two or three instances only.

"A young jockey, who rode for various employers, described very feelingly the painful situation in which he then found himself: he had ridden the horse of a gentleman who kept several in training, and of whom he had received many favours; but though he had exerted all his skill with one horse, he found it impossible to win. He was engaged to ride the same horse again. He represented to his employer the impossibility of winning. His reasoning, however, was not calculated to make any impression on the flinty heart of this Smithfield sportsman. He abused the lad for his tenderness, and his orders were to 'Make him win, or cut his entrails out. Mark, if

you do not give him his belly full of whip, you shall never ride again for me. I'll find horse, if you'll find whip and spur!' The generous animal ran three four-mile heats without flinching, with such an excess of exertion, that his eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets: but he was unsuccessful. 'I saw him with an aching heart,' says our humane author, 'literally cut up alive, from his shoulders to his flanks.' To my great mortification, no one rebuked the thick headed miscreant, who was the author of this useless piece of cruelty, except his jockey, who swore he would perish for want rather than ever again repeat such an infamous piece of business."

Lawrence on Horses.

Two horses started April 16, 1793, at Whitechapel church, to proceed one hundred miles, that is to the fifty mile stone at Colchester, and back again, in twelve hours. On their return one of them died at Boreham, the thirty-second mile-stone, having performed sixty-eight miles of the journey. The other crawled through Chelmsford, with a lad on his back, and died at Widford, the twenty-seventh mile-stone, falling short thirty-three miles.

Sherborne Weekly Entertainer, 27th May, 1793.

At the Harlowbush fair, on Wednesday, a poney, about twelve hands high, was engaged for a wager to run one hundred miles in twelve hours. The

little animal went sixty miles in six hours; but at the eightieth, its heart broke, and it fell down dead.

Bell's Messenger,
Sep. 21, 1801.

Mr. W——'s mare Tuneful, who has bolted every race she ever ran before, was Tuesday last rode at Newmarket, in winkers, with her tongue tied with whipcord.

Salisbury & Winchester Journal,
April 13, 1801.

Such are the amusements which, in this age of polish and refinement, are denominated *genteel and noble.*

"NOTHING," says Busbequius, "can surpass the gentleness of the Turkish

horses. As I travelled through Pontus, or that part of Bithynia which is called Axilon, I remarked with what tenderness the country-people treated their young foals, which they took into their own habitations, cleaned, combed, caressed them with as much affection as they would their own offspring. The children of the peasants, whose business it is to attend to them, treat them with equal gentleness. They never strike them with a stick, except in cases of extreme necessity. In return, these animals acquire a great attachment to man, and never bite or turn restive. The Turks take a pride in making them so tame that they will kneel to be mounted at the word of command, and that they will take up a stick or a scymetar from the ground with their mouths, and reach it to their

rider, without his alighting; and when they have learned this, the Turks put silver rings round their noses, as badges of their proficiency. I have seen some, that whenever their rider fell from the saddle, immediately stood still. Some would run in a circle round the groom, and stand still as soon as he commanded them; others again, were so well acquainted with the voice of their master, that when he was at table in the upper story of the house, they would erect their ears to catch it; and whenever they heard it, express their pleasure by neighing."

The Arabs have a breed of horses which, they pretend, are descended from King Solomon's stud. Some of

this breed are so considerate, that when they have been wounded in battle, and find themselves too weak to carry their rider much longer, they will retire from the field, and convey him into a place of security. When the rider falls from them, they will stand still and neigh till assistance arrives. If he lies down to sleep in the open air, they neigh as soon as they perceive a robber approach.

The Tartars and Calmucks let their tabunes, or herds of horses, run about without any restraint, and yet, though a thousand herds should be together, they never intermingle with each other, nor are any of the young foals ever lost, although they have no person to tend them. When a tartar forms such a herd, he puts a mark upon several mares and two stallions, by which he

distinguishes his property. The stallions are the leaders of these herds. They always keep their station on the flanks, and prevent any of the herd from straying. When they see a strange herd approach, they drive their own together into a close body, and place themselves in the front. The other herd assumes the same order, and when they meet, the stallions fight with each other till they are tired, or too much wounded to continue the contest, upon which they retreat from each other with their respective herds. When a noise is heard, the stallions run to some eminence, from which they reconnoitre the surrounding country. Thus these herds can neither intermingle with each other, nor can any of the individuals belonging to them stray from the rest.

Pallas gives a similar account of the Kirgisian horses. "They are," he says, "divided into tabunes, with only one stallion to each tabune; for the rest of the male foals are gelded. The tabune stallion has the command of the herd, and keeps it together. If a mare leaves the herd, and goes to another stallion, he never suffers her to join his herd again." The same author relates also concerning the wild horses, that they form themselves into herds of from five to twenty heads and upwards, each herd consisting of mares, foals, and a stallion. When the stallion foals grow up, the old stallion drives them away from the herd, and they are seen straggling about singly at a great distance in the rear, till they are strong enough to form herds of young wild mares for themselves. These horses are said to

possess so fine a nose, that they can smell a man at a distance of several miles, when the wind is favourable.

DURING that destructive war which for a space of thirty years desolated all Germay, till it was terminated by the peace of Westphalia, the carriers who conducted the inland traffic of the country, used to unite themselves into large companies for their mutual defence, in order that they might travel with greater security against the marauding parties, which at that time infested every part of the empire.

One of these carriers had a horse of an extremely vicious disposition, and greatly addicted to biting and kicking, from which even his master was

not always secure, and which often embroiled him with his fellow-travellers. As they were one evening attacked in a ravine by three hungry wolves, which, after a long contest, they found they should hardly be able to compel to quit them without making some prey, they agreed among themselves that they would pay the owner of the vicious horse the price of his beast, and make a sacrifice of him to the wolves. The bargain was soon concluded, and the horse having been taken out of the harness and turned loose, the wolves immediately attacked him. He, however, defended himself courageously with his teeth and heels, retreating at the same time into the interior of the forest, while the carriers availed themselves of the opportunity to hasten on to a place of

security, not a little rejoiced at having got rid of so troublesome a companion, so much to their advantage.

As they were sitting at supper in the inn, where they stopped for the night, a knocking was heard at the house door, which being opened by the maid, a horse pushed in his head. The girl, frightened, shrieked out and called to the carriers, who, coming to the door, were no less surprised than rejoiced to see the heroic conqueror of the three wolves, though much wounded, yet still faithful to his master; and on account of his meritorious conduct upon this occasion, they agreed to forgive him his former misdemeanours, and to retain him in their company.

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The horse then laid hold of the coller of his coat,

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A YOUNG Norwegian had frequently hired a horse of a peasant in his neighbourhood, which he liked much to ride on account of the goodness of his paces. Having subsequently settled in a foreign country, he after some time returned to visit his family: by this opportunity he also called upon the peasant, and enquired after his horse. The man told him, with tears in his eyes, that the horse was dead. Being asked what was the cause of the emotion he displayed, he related the following anecdote.—Having one day taken a ride upon that horse to a neighbouring town, he was so well entertained by some friends there, that in returning home he found his head too heavy for him to keep a firm seat in his saddle; the horse regulated his

pace as well as he could, according to the circumstances of his rider; but coming to a clayey ascent, where the road was slippery on account of some rain that had fallen, he could not take such sure steps as before, and the man was thrown to the ground with one of his feet hanging in the stirrup. The horse immediately stopped, and twisted his body in various directions, in order to extricate his master, but in vain. At length, after having surveyed him for some time, as he lay on the ground unable to help himself, he stooped, and laying hold of the brim of his hat, raised his head a little by it, but the hat slipping off, the man remained lying on the ground as before. The horse then laid hold of the collar of his coat, and raised him by it so far from the ground, that he could draw

his foot out of the stirrup, and stand again upon his legs. Out of gratitude for this service, the peasant had kept the horse, and taken good care of him till he died of old age.

The Abbe Prevot relates the following instance of vindictive spirit and retentive memory in a horse. A gentleman who resided at Grumblin, a village near Dublin, had a very beautiful horse, which, however, was so unmanageable, that he found it necessary to have him gelded, in order to render him more tractable. When the operation was performed, he had not been so completely blindfolded but that he could catch a glimpse of the operator. Some days after, be-

fore the horse had quite recovered from his wound, the operator happened to enter the stable, upon which the animal immediately tearing himself loose, flew at him with the utmost fury, and in a few moments trod him to death.

O barbarous men! your cruel breasts assuage;
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage?
Does not his service earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed?

Gay's Trivia.

THE END.